

A Sunday Souvenir.

STORY OF THE

Battle of Gettysburg

RELATED BY

COLONEL GARNETT,

OF THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

J. M. HILL.





GETTYSBURG.

A COMPLETE HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, AND
THE CAMPAIGN PRECEDING IT,

BY

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PUBLISHED FOR HIS PATRONS

BY

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NEW YORK, 1888.

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PUBLISHING CO.

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105



P R E F A C E .

THE account of the battle of Gettysburg, as set forth in these pages, is, so far as human knowledge can determine, absolutely correct. The writer, while an active participant in the great struggle during the three days of its continuance, does not lay claim to having been actively identified with all the movements herein recorded. He cheerfully acknowledges his indebtedness to several eminent historians of the battle from both North and South, whose facts he has blended with his own experiences and observations into a complete and unprejudiced narrative. He takes especial pride in saying that his mind was, in writing this little history, entirely divested of any sectional feeling, and that his main purpose has been to do equal credit and reflect equal honor on the gallant men of both armies who faced each other in deadly strife on this memorable field. With his countrymen of the South he cheerfully accepts the verdict on the justice of their cause which they submitted to the adjudication of the sword, and he sincerely trusts that the developments of time will never again create the necessity for the men of either section of the United States to be found fighting under any flag other than the emblem which is now the symbol of our happily united country.

JOHN J. GARNETT,

Colonel of Artillery, C. S. A.

GETTYSBURG.

LEE'S HOPES AND PLANS.

ON a fair morning in July, in the Summer of 1863, the quiet old-fashioned Pennsylvania town of Gettysburg became the scene of the mightiest struggle known to warfare. In and around its sleepy suburbs the citizen soldiery of a then disunited but now happily re-united Union, for three days shed immortal glory on American valor in a series of battles, the most fiercely contested of any known to the history of the world. That the reader may intelligently appreciate the chain of circumstances which led up to the battle of Gettysburg, I herewith append a recapitulation of the events which preceded it, having myself been an active participant in them as a soldier in the army of Northern Virginia.

Shortly after the battle of Chancellorsville, which resulted in the necessary withdrawal of the Federal forces to their former position on the left bank of the Rappahannock River, Gen. Lee of the Confederate Army determined that his opportunity had come to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. He seems to have been induced to enter upon this perilous undertaking by several military considerations of an important character. First, he felt the increasing deficiency of cavalry and artillery horses, and of the means of subsistence for his army in an almost desolate territory from which he had hitherto drawn his supplies. Secondly, he had been led by unmistakable signs to believe that the *morale* of Gen. Hooker's army had been destroyed by that battle, and, like the skillful military commander he was, to incline to the idea that that of his army had been correspondingly increased. Thirdly, there was the evident fact of the depletion of the Union army by the return to their homes of a number of regiments whose term of service had expired; and finally there was an apparent division of sentiment in

the loyal States in regard to the conduct and continuance of the rebellion, engendered by an intense partisan feeling and desire for office. Of this division of sentiment, about which there was no doubt in his mind, Gen. Lee now determined to take advantage. For some time it unquestionably did appear as if his cherished hopes of a successful invasion would be realized, for, when he was about to cross the Potomac, evidently endeavoring to feel his way, such was the apparent apathy that prevailed among the people who were most in danger, that it seemed impossible to arouse them to their true situation, and to organize them in the defence of their homes.

CONFEDERATE PLANS AND PREPARATIONS.

Having determined upon a Maryland and Pennsylvania campaign, Lee began to arrange and perfect his plans, and to remodel and strengthen his army ; and when his preparations were completed he found himself at the head of one of the best disciplined and most reliable armies the world ever saw. Imaginative historians have recorded the opinion that the Confederate troops under Lee were in a sadly demoralized state at the opening of this memorable campaign ; but such fallacies need no better refutation than that furnished by Lee's army in action at Gettysburg.

Of course, so capable a commander as Gen. Joseph Hooker of the opposing forces could not be wholly blind to the unmistakable signs of the storm which had begun to lower about the Army of the Potomac. Hoping to forestall in a measure Lee's intentions (having been informed that an advance was about to be ordered), he directed that a cavalry attack should be made by Gen Alfred Pleasonton against Gen. J. E. B. Stuart at Beverly Ford. This attack, which was made on June 9, resulted advantageously to the Federal arms, and especially so in the capture of Stuart's private papers, among which were found orders for an immediate advance into Pennsylvania. This was one of the most import occurrences of the proposed invasion, and it doubtless had an important bearing on the results of the three battles on this famous field. I have personal reasons for knowing that Gen. Lee deeply regretted the capture of Stuart's papers. He was scrupulously mindful of military detail, and what to the average mind was a small thing in the affairs of an

army was weighed with him to a nicety in its bearing on general results. The loss of those papers was a most unfortunate event for the Confederate army, since it enabled Hooker to put his army immediately in motion, so as to prevent Lee, who had already several days' start, from flanking him and coming in between him and Washington and Baltimore. By hard marches the Union Army advanced so rapidly as always to be on the flanks of Lee and to prevent him eventually from carrying out his purposes.

FEDERAL PLANS AND PREPARATIONS.

Forewarned of the approach of the invading army, the War Department at Washington on June 11, assigned Major-Gen. D. N. Couch to the Department of the Susquehanna, with his headquarters at Harrisburg, and Major-Gen. W. T. H. Brooks to the Department of the Monongahela, with his headquarters at Pittsburgh. On the next day were issued a proclamation of Gov. Curtin and a call of Gen. Couch addressed to the people of Pennsylvania, urging them to organize and hasten to the defence of the State.

On June 13 the Confederates reached Winchester, Va., and gave battle to Gen. Milroy, who occupied that post with a force of 8,000 or 9,000 men. On that day the Confederates suffered a slight defeat, but on the next renewed the attack, which resulted in the hasty flight of Milroy and his whole command. He lost nearly all of his ammunition and artillery, and a small portion of his men. He succeeded with difficulty in taking several hundred with him to Harper's Ferry, and in running his baggage train, by Hagerstown and Chambersburg, to Harrisburg. About 2,000 infantry stragglers and cavalry succeeded in breaking through and effecting their escape to Bloody Run, Pa., where they were reorganized and joined by recruits from the Pennsylvania militia.

The Confederate cavalry, 1,600 in number, under Gen. Jenkins, entered Hagerstown on June 15 at 10½ A. M., in pursuit of Milroy's wagon train, and, moving onward rapidly, they reached Chambersburg at 10½ P. M. Having thus advanced far into an enemy's country without a support sufficiently near, they deemed it prudent to make a retrograde movement. They therefore evacuated Cham-

bersburg on June 17. As they had already gathered a large number of horses and cattle, it was supposed by many of the Pennsylvania people, as well as the military officials, that they intended to withdraw across the Potomac. Quite the contrary was their intention. They retired only to the vicinity of Hagerstown, there to await the arrival of Lee's army.

ALARM IN GETTYSBURG.

On the morning of this day an officer of the Union Army visited Gettysburg, and addressed the people in public meeting on the necessity of taking immediate steps for their defence and protection. He strongly urged every male citizen, irrespective of age, to make preparations for meeting the foe that had come upon their soil. His appeal served to awaken the people to a sense of their danger, and this, coupled with Gov. Curtin's proclamation, determined them to arm at once and be ready, at a moment's warning, for the defence of their homes and of the State. John Burns, the old hero of the town, who has passed into the historical recollections of the battle of Gettysburg, was among those present, and joined his appeal with those of the officer to stir up his fellow-townsmen to action. On June 19 a beginning was made in the formation of a cavalry company, under Capt. Bell, and there was some reconnoitring by scouts from the company and a few of the citizens of the town. An effort to form an infantry company and to arouse the people generally did not prove wholly successful. Many of the people of Gettysburg who took a negative part in the stirring proceedings of those days attribute this failure not so much to an unwillingness to engage in the efforts to resist the progress of the Confederates as to a reluctance to desert their homes and their families. To their credit, be it said, that they were gifted with more prescience than the military authorities at Harrisburg, who, losing sight of the particulars and looking to the good of the whole, intended, in the beginning at least, to make the Susquehanna the base of defence against the invaders, while for the border towns and country no adequate protection could be provided. I have reason to know from personal knowledge that Gettysburg became the scene of the great battle only through one of those

unforeseen military exigencies liable to arise unexpectedly in the prearranged plans of the commanding General of a campaign.

AN ACCIDENTAL BATTLE.

In fact, I believe it was never Gen. Lee's intention to fight a great battle so far from his base, and that he was drawn into it by the want of information of the enemy's whereabouts. It is well known that Gen. Stuart was not with or near Gen. Lee after the army crossed the Potomac, and that owing to this fact the commander of the Confederate army was poorly, if at all, informed of the movements of the Federal army. That Lee did not intend to fight at Gettysburg is more fully shown by the disposition of his corps d'armee, Longstreet being away off at Chambersburg, Ewell with his divisions scattered from York to Carlisle, and only the corps of A. P. Hill in the vicinity of what became the greatest battle-field of the world.

For the seeming neglect of the military authorities at Harrisburg to provide protection to certain portions of the State which they assumed were not in danger, there were not wanting some who roundly abused the Government. And then other considerations had great weight with the Gettysburgers. Some were unwilling, from political motives, to tender their services or to suffer their friends to go into organizations for military defence which might seem to be a support of the then Administration, or which might, perhaps, cause their absence from the polls at the time of the fall election. Some who were brave and patriotic in words could not screw their courage to the sticking point of exposing themselves to the hardships of camp life and the perils of the battle-field. However, on the Wednesday preceding, June 17, a company of infantry, consisting of sixty students of Pennsylvania College, together with several from the Theological Seminary and a few citizens under the command of a young theological student named Klinefelter, left for Harrisburg in obedience to the urgent call of the Governor, and were the first to be mustered into the service for the emergency. As a matter of fact, well understood by the people of Gettysburg and the surrounding country, previous to this date very little progress had been made in the preparations needful for the defence even of the capital of the State. A beginning had indeed been made as early as June 15, in

the construction of breastworks and the digging of rifle pits along the river front and on the opposite bank ; but the work went on slowly, and it is questionable, when the Confederates approached nearest the river on June 28, whether Harrisburg might not have been easily taken. The Confederate officers who led the advance learned too late for practical action how pregnable the place really was. Their failure to invest the city of Harrisburg, with a view to its capture, must, for obvious reasons, become one of the conundrums of history. Despite their danger, it was difficult to stir up the people ; for although many companies and regiments, among which were several from New York and New Jersey, reported at the seat of Government, it was not until the Confederates were almost at its doors, and three days before the battle of Gettysburg was begun, that the people began to realize the magnitude of their danger, and Philadelphia, which was a most tempting bait for the Confederates, began to pour forth her men and treasures in abundance.

Early on the morning of June 21, the Philadelphia City Troop, consisting of about forty members, arrived at Gettysburg. The day was Sunday. As the soldiers, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, entered the town the lazy-going inhabitants coming from church opened their eyes in wonderment, and for the first time awoke to the fact that they had not been entirely overlooked in their danger. The Philadelphia troopers immediately received a taste of active soldiering. Together with Bell's cavalry and some citizens of Gettysburg, they made a reconnoisance in the South Mountains as far as Monterey. Here they encountered Confederate pickets, with whom they exchanged some shots. At 6 P. M. about 120 Confederate cavalry of the advance force of the Army of Northern Virginia entered Fairfield on a gallop, and retired again at 7 P. M. on the Furnace road, taking with them all the good horses they could find. On the following day Ewell's corps crossed the Potomac, one portion at Shepherdstown, the other at Williamsport. They united at Hagerstown, whence they again diverged in their progress up the Cumberland Valley toward Chambersburg.

To understand the present situation of the opposing forces, a slight digression is necessary. The Pennsylvania and New York militia as they reached Harrisburg had been, as soon as practicable,

organized by Gen. Couch in two divisions, one under Gen. Smith, the other under Gen. Dana. On Saturday, June 20, previous to Gen. Smith being put in command, Gen. Knipe was sent up the valley from Harrisburg with two New York regiments first to reconstruct the railroad bridge at Scotland, which the Confederates had destroyed, and then to occupy and defend Chambersburg. Having, however, been apprised of the approach of Rhodes' division of Ewell's corps, and being unprepared to meet the large force of the Confederates which would soon be precipitated upon him, he deemed it advisable late in the evening of this day to evacuate the town, and gradually to move down the valley again. During the forenoon of Tuesday, June 23, Gen. Rhodes' division entered and occupied Chambersburg. On this and the previous day various reconnoissances were made from Gettysburg by Bell's cavalry and the Philadelphia City Troop, the former having now assumed an organized form. The movements of these bodies amounted to very little outside of a few shots exchanged with the Confederate pickets. On the evening of June 24, the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiment, numbering 735 men, arrived at Gettysburg, having been sent from Harrisburg for the purpose of holding the Confederates in check, but as the cars in which they were coming were thrown from the track within six miles of the village, they encamped and remained there until Friday morning.

Slowly, but surely, the Confederate forces were closing in on the devoted town. A. P. Hill's corps crossed the Potomac on the morning of the 24th at a point one mile above Shepherdstown, Anderson's division being in the advance. Late in the evening of the next day 100 picked men from the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania were ordered from their temporary camping ground, with the design of sending them to the South Mountain as sharpshooters or bushwhackers, in order to cut off the Confederate pickets, who, according to information which had been received, extended down the south-eastern flanks of the mountain, and were making gradual approaches towards Gettysburg; but the heavy rain of that night caused the Pennsylvanians to be detained until the rest of their regiment arrived, and thus they were saved from almost certain capture or destruction. While this was going on the Confederates under Rhodes advanced as far as Shippenburg on their way to Harrisburg.

Early on the morning of June 26 the Gettysburgers were awakened from their troubled slumbers by the beating of drums, which signalized the arrival of the Twenty-sixth Regiment from its temporary encampment six miles away. Contrary to the remonstrances of Jennings, the Colonel, who regarded a six-mile tramp sufficient for one day's work, the regiment was sent forward at 10:30 A. M. on the Chambersburg turnpike. This was a suicidal movement, as events afterward proved. About three miles westward from the village the small band encamped and threw out their pickets, forty in number.

They were on duty but a short time when they were all captured and taken into the Confederate camp. Col. Jennings, who had on several occasions shown himself to be an officer as skillful as he was cool and brave, seeing the trap into which he had been led, immediately upon sight of the Confederates divided his regiment into three squads, in order to deceive them with the appearance of a large body of infantry. The deception proved so far successful that the Confederates did not press them, fearing that a direct attack might prove more serious than a mere skirmish; Jennings' band, elated over the success of their first attempt at military strategy, lost no time in retreating eastward over the fields and by country roads, occasionally skirmishing with the Confederate cavalry, which had been sent in pursuit of them, and after losing 120 more of their number near Hunterstown and zigzagging very frequently, being often in hearing distance of their relentless pursuers, they reached Harrisburg on Sunday, June 28, having marched fifty-four out of sixty continuous hours.

Matters were now beginning to assume a serious aspect for the people of Gettysburg. They had fully awakened to a realization of the fact that trouble was brewing for them in large quantities, and when 200 Confederate cavalry men rushed into the village on mettled horses, shouting and yelling like so many imps let loose from pandemonium, they were almost petrified into a state of absolute helplessness.

This advance party was soon followed by a force of infantry, being Gen. Gordon's brigade of Early's division of Ewell's corps. Gen. Early, who accompanied this brigade, was not at all bashful in demanding of the people that his warriors be well cared for, his

modest request being that they be provided with 1,200 pounds of sugar, 600 pounds of coffee, sixty barrels of flour, 1,000 pounds of salt, 7,000 pounds of bacon, ten barrels of whiskey, ten barrels of onions, 1,000 pairs of shoes, and 500 hats, amounting in value to \$6,000, or, in lieu thereof, \$5,000 in cash. This demand, exorbitant as it may appear, was the extreme of modesty; but the frugal villagers did not so regard it. They looked upon it as the quintessence of extortion, and, summoning two of their most hardy townsmen, they commissioned them to inform Gen Early that it was impossible to comply with his demands, first, because the goods were not in the town or within reach; second, because the borough had no funds; and, third—most weighty consideration of all—because the Council had no authority to borrow either in the name of the borough or county. In conclusion the Commissioners said: "As we your humble supplicants are at the mercy of yourself, General, and your men, we grant you the privilege to search and take from citizens and the empty stores whatsoever you may be able to find out," which was, to say the least, exceedingly generous under the circumstances.

GENERAL LEE'S OPPOSITION TO FORAGING.

Previous to starting on the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania I recall that Gen. Lee, with that lofty sense of justice which always characterized his every action as a private citizen and a soldier, issued a strict order forbidding any of the troops under his command to indulge in any species of foraging or raiding on the private property of the people through whose possessions they should pass; and he earnestly enjoined upon his officers that they should see to it that this order was rigorously and religiously observed. We who had commands exerted ourselves diligently in trying to restrain our men from violating his order, but found it at times a difficult matter to control troops who had been subjected to many hardships through the depredations of their opponents in their own territory, and who now had an excellent chance to illustrate the gospel of retaliation. I recall an amusing incident which occurred to me on the day before the great fight began. I was riding with my command some distance in advance, when happening to glance

back I noticed that one of my batteries of artillery had become disorganized. Looking into a large field which surrounded an old stone mansion, I saw a number of my men making a lively detour about the houses in pursuit of several fine porkers, turkeys and other fowl that had but a short time before been enjoying themselves in undisturbed peacefulness. Calling my Adjutant, I ordered him to have the men brought into the ranks at once and to compel them to quit their plundering. Hungry men do not take kindly to discipline, and my Adjutant succeeded poorly in the errand on which I despatched him.

A FARMER'S FAITH IN LINCOLN.

"Here's a fine fat turkey for supper," cried a lusty young Virginian, as he rushed across the field, swinging the captive bird by its leg.

"And here's a nice young pig for your breakfast, Colonel," sang out a comrade close behind him.

Human nature, I confess, was sorely tempted on that occasion. While these depredations were going on the venerable old Dunker who owned the mansion and its surroundings calmly sat on the porch and watched his despoilment in the most philosophical manner. Anxious to make amends, so far as my own conscience was concerned, I leaped the fence with my horse and rode up to where the old Dunker was sitting.

"At what do you value your loss?" I asked.

"It is of no account," he answered. "The Town Council has given you permission to take all you find, and if they don't pay me, Abe Lincoln will. Don't trouble yourself, sir."

This philosophical view of the matter seemed to be shared by all the residents of the town of Gettysburg on the arrival of the Confederates, and it proved very agreeable to the tired and hungry throng which had arrived among them.

CLOSING ON GETTYSBURG.

On Sunday, the 28th, two regiments of Federal cavalry, numbering about 2,000 men, under command of Gen. Copeland, came toward Gettysburg from the direction of Emmitsburg, and went into

camp east of the town until the next morning, when they all left and moved toward Littlestown. They had been sent forward on a reconnoissance. On this day Gen. Early entered and occupied York. Gen. Longstreet's corps, having crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and followed those of Ewell and Hill, reached Fayetteville on this day. It was now evident to all that General Lee's intention was to concentrate his army on the turnpike road leading through Gettysburg to Baltimore. At the same time, also, the Union army was gradually extending itself toward the village. This, then, was the focus toward which all these hostile rays tended, and at which they at length all concentrated. But the time had not yet come for action. A few more moves had to be made in the great game of preparation which both commanders were playing. During the day Hill threw a large portion of his corps, Heth's division, over the South Mountain. At 9:30 on the following morning, Gen. Hill, with a portion of his corps, advanced on the Chambersburg turnpike as far as the crest of Seminary Hill, half a mile northwest of Gettysburg, throwing about two dozen pickets as far down as a house, on the outskirts of the village, owned at that time by a man named Shead. Several officers of the Confederate army spent some time in reconnoitring at this point with their field glasses, and engaging in conversation with people residing near the road, from whom undoubtedly they elicited much valuable information. After a reconnoissance lasting an hour they retired toward Cashtown. At 11:30 A. M. 6,000 Federal cavalry, under Gen. Buford, arrived in Gettysburg, passing through Washington street on the way to the Chambersburg turnpike, and by it one mile and a half northwestward as far as the Hon. E. McPherson's farm, where they encamped and placed their artillery in position.

IN MARTIAL ARRAY.

During the afternoon the First Corps of Infantry, under command of Gen. John F. Reynolds, came from Emmitsburg to the right bank of Marsh's Creek, six and a half miles southwest of Gettysburg, and encamped there for the night, while the Eleventh and Third Army Corps remained at Emmitsburg. By order of Gen. Lee, Hill's corps, consisting of three divisions in this order—

Gen. Heth, Gen. Pender, Gen. Anderson—was moved to the vicinity of Marsh's Creek. On this day Longstreet's corps followed first McLaw's division, then Hood's division, while Pickett's division was delayed at Chambersburg to protect the rear and the wagon trains. There were also two divisions of Ewell's corps, viz : Rhodes' and Early's, the former numbering 8,000 men and the latter about 9,000, while the third, Johnston's (10,000), had been delayed at Fayetteville. Thus were encamped on that momentous night of June 30, within a short distance of Gettysburg, 23,000 Union infantry and 6,000 cavalry, and about 27,000 Confederate infantry and cavalry, ready to meet each other in the morning in deadly conflict to settle the fate of the Republic of the United States.

There was but little sleep in the quaint old town that night. The inhabitants sat on their porches and in their rooms and discussed with bated breath the coming struggle, while the reckless soldiers of the contending armies sang ribald and patriotic songs, played cards and cracked jokes, enjoying themselves in any way and every way their fancies led, unmindful of the fearful fate that impended over them.

OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

The sun never shone more brightly than when it cast its first beams across the village of Gettysburg on the morning of July 1, which was destined to be the most auspicious day in its history. In the Confederate camp the night had passed without any incidents of special note. The pickets had been warned to be alert and vigilant to every move of the enemy, and those of the troops who sought their tents for rest lay down with the consciousness that this day was to be one of importance. The rank and file knew that a great battle was inevitable.

I recall an incident which illustrates the spirit which animated our boys in gray that night. While sitting in my tent about 9 P. M., I received a call from a former West Point friend named W. W. McCreery, who was then acting as ordnance officer of Heth's division of Hill's corps. Poor fellow, he seemed to chafe at the slowness with which the hours dragged along. His promotion in the ordnance branch of the service had been slow, and he was anxious to

demonstrate by deeds of valor that he was deserving of higher rank. We talked together on various matters well along into the small hours, the burden of his conversation being his desire to obtain the colonelcy of an infantry regiment, and when he took his leave he shook my hand with the remark : "To-morrow I'll win a Colonel's commission or be buried on the soil of Pennsylvania."

Prejudiced writers who have questioned the discipline and *morale* of the army of Northern Virginia previous to the opening of the battle on this field, would have been disabused of such ideas had they been present on that bright July morning and seen the eagerness which the Confederates manifested to be up and fighting.

Little time was lost in preparation for an attack. Gen. Lee had determined at the outset to assume the offensive. The corps (A. P. Hill's) with which my command was moving occupied positions along the turnpike from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, and the greater portion was in the neighborhood of Cashtown, which is about nine miles to the northwest of Gettysburg. The other corps (Long-street's and Early's) were situated, the former west of the South Mountain, and the latter to the north of Gettysburg, and covering the country from Carlisle to York. On finding the village of Gettysburg occupied by a strong body of Federal troops, Gen. Hill notified Gen. Lee of his purpose to make an attack in force, and, receiving the latter's approval, accordingly moved Heth's division forward on the Chambersburg road, with Pender's division in easy supporting distance. As Heth advanced, he threw Davis's brigade to the left and Archer's to the right of the road, and held Pettigrew's and Brockenborough's in support.

These movements brought the two armies, in their separate fighting positions, very near to each other. Some little time had been lost in getting our troops into line of battle, and it was not until 9:30 A. M. that the order was given to open the attack.

LOCATION OF GETTYSBURG.

To understand the situation it is necessary to know that Gettysburg lies partly between Seminary Ridge on the west and Cemetery Ridge on the southeast, a distance of about 1,400 yards, dividing

the crests of the two ridges. In front of Seminary Ridge was a strong force of Federal cavalry under the command of Gen. Buford, and the opening attack was centered on them by Gen. Heth's division.

I was with my command back some distance on the Chambersburg pike. Not expecting the battle to open so soon I had ordered my horses to be taken inside a large field of clover, taking the opportunity to allow them a chance to graze, giving orders, however, that they be kept in harness and under the charge of the drivers, who must be ready to hitch up and move forward at a moment's notice. A short time had elapsed when I heard the roar of musketry at the front. It came to me with that peculiar sound not unlike the rumble of a train of cars approaching at a distance, and I realized that the battle of Gettysburg had begun.

INTO THE FIGHT.

Calling my bugler to my side, I told him to hold himself in readiness to sound "Boots and saddles," as I expected every moment an order from the front to get my batteries into position on our line of battle. Louder and fiercer grew the sound of musketry, and my men began to grow impatient to take part in the strife. Looking up the turnpike some considerable time after the engagement had begun I saw a courier dashing madly along past the bodies of troops that were moving forward. Coming up to where I sat on a rail fence he handed me an order from Gen. Hill to at once move my battalion to a position indicated and relieve Major Pegram's battalion of artillery which had been engaged since the action commenced.

In less time than it takes to write it we were galloping down the road to the front. It soon became evident that the Federals under Buford had received reinforcements, for their firing became more vigorous, and their movements exhibited a confidence which they had not heretofore shown. It was afterward learned that a large body of troops, under the command of Major-Gen. John F. Reynolds, had come to their aid, and we all realized that we were in for a long and stubborn struggle.

THE DEATH OF REYNOLDS.

In the furious fighting which ensued after the arrival of Gen. Reynolds, that gallant officer was killed while directing the operations of his troops in relieving the cavalry of Gen. Buford, which had been dismounted. Gen. Howard succeeded to the command of the field, but, according to Gen. Doubleday, did not issue orders to the First corps (Doubleday's) until the afternoon. Soon after his assumption of the command it became known among the Confederates. The severe thrashing which they had administered to his corps (the Eleventh) at Chancellorsville, inspired them with the belief that they would be able to repeat it on this day. In the meantime severe fighting continued, the Federal troops being steadily pushed back toward Seminary Ridge.

I think, with many officers with whom I have conversed on the subject of this juncture of the battle, that it would have been a comparatively easy matter for the Confederates to have forced the fighting and brought more troops into action and capture the key point of the position, which was Cemetery Hill, before sunset of that day.

It may be asked why was Cemetery Hill considered, from the Confederate view, the key of the position in the first day's battle? I answer, because it commanded all the approaches from the west, and afforded perfect cover for the movements of troops in the valley behind it. Had this position been taken on July 1 there would have been no more fighting at Gettysburg, and the terrible slaughter of the 2d and 3d would never have occurred, or, if at all, at some place nearer the Susquehanna River, which would necessarily have become the defensive line of the Union Army. But the great trouble with the Confederates was the absence of the cavalry, and Gen. Lee and Gen. Hill were not informed as to the movements of Gen. Meade, who had now assumed command of the Federal troops, and they feared to bring on a general action lest the whole of the Union Army might be found concentrated in their front. This fear, no doubt, had much to do with the extreme caution which our commanders displayed throughout the day.

After a short cessation of the battle, which lasted perhaps an hour, the whole of the First Corps came up, and this was soon after

followed by the Eleventh, under Gen. Schurz. Very nearly at the same time the divisions of Early and Rhodes of Ewell's Confederate corps arrived. Gen. Rhodes' division took position on the left of Gen. A. P. Hill's troops, and later in the afternoon Early's division attacked still further to the left, and a little to the north of the troops which had already been engaged. When these arrangements had been completed, repeated attacks were made by the Confederate troops before they succeeded in driving back the opposing forces.

As I was moving to the front with my command I saw Gen. Lee with his staff at a point to the right of the Chambersburg turnpike, and just in the rear of the Seminary Ridge. He sent an officer with an order to me to report to him at once in person. Riding up to where he stood I dismounted, and, having saluted him, asked his pleasure. Pointing away beyond Seminary Ridge, and calling my attention to what seemed to be a large body of troops, with wagons and ambulances, he handed me a field glass, and asked if my guns would reach them from the Seminary. I replied that they would, and he said: "They seem to be moving towards the Emmitsburg road, do they not?" and added, "Place your batteries on Seminary Ridge and either disperse them or develop the purpose of their movement."

Having complied with this order and drawn the fire of several batteries on Cemetery Hill upon me, I discovered that the troops which Gen. Lee had alluded to were in full retreat, and the General, coming up about that time, had the satisfaction of seeing the plain intervening between the two ridges filled with the retreating Federals. These retreating troops were, however, concentrating on that "rock-ribbed hill that served as a burial ground for the city."

GEN. LEE'S DISCRETIONARY ORDER.

It was at this juncture that Gen. Lee sent the discretionary order to Gen. Ewell, on the extreme left, "to follow up the success if he found it practicable, and to occupy the hill on which the enemy was concentrating." It was this order, in the opinion of every officer who was present on that field, that prevented the complete success of

our arms on that day; for as it was not positive, but left discretionary with Gen. Ewell, the latter, who had by this time reached with his troops the base of the Cemetery as well as Culp's Hill, thought it best to give his tired columns a short rest, and to await further and more definite instructions.

I heard during and immediately after this great campaign and battle many expressions of wonder at this action, or rather inaction, of Gen. Ewell, and as many times have I heard the remark, "If old Stonewall had been there he would have preferred to be without orders and pushed up the hill and captured it while the Union troops were in disorder." It was at this time, when Gen. Lee was witnessing the concentration of his enemy, that Gen. Longstreet, whose corps had not yet come into the action, states that he approached Lee and said to him :

"If we could have chosen a point to meet our plans of operation I do not think we could have found a better one than that upon which they are now concentrating. All we have to do is to throw our army around by their left, and we shall interpose between the Federal army and Washington. We can get a strong position and wait, and if they fail to attack us we shall have everything in condition to move back to-morrow night in the direction of Washington, selecting beforehand a good position into which we can place our troops to receive battle next day. Finding our object is Washington or that army, the Federals will be sure to attack us. When they attack, we shall beat them, as we proposed to do before we left Fredericksburg, and the probabilities are that the fruits of our success will be great."

"No," said Gen. Lee, "the enemy is there, and I am going to attack him there."

"I suggested," continues Gen. Longstreet, "that such a move as I proposed would give us control of the roads leading to Washington and Baltimore, and reminded Gen. Lee of our original plans. If we had fallen behind Meade and had insisted on staying between him and Washington, he would have been compelled to attack, and would have been badly beaten. Gen. Lee answered: 'No; they are there in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip me.' I saw he was in no frame of mind to listen to further argument

at that time, so I did not push the matter, but determined to renew the subject the next morning. It was then about 5 o'clock in the afternoon."

These statements of Gen. Longstreet are very important in view of the events which followed on the next two days.

CONFEDERATE FORCES ENGAGED ON FIRST DAY.

It has frequently been stated in the newspapers as well as in magazine articles that the whole of Hill's corps and all of the divisions of Ewell's corps were engaged in this action. Such is not the case. The divisions of Heth and Pender were the only ones of Hill's corps that took part in the battle of the first day, and Early's and Rhodes' divisions of Ewell's corps came into the action late in the afternoon. Anderson's division of Hill's corps and Johnston's of Ewell's were not engaged. The arrival of Early's division about 4 P. M. on the flank and rear of the Eleventh corps seemed to be the decisive event of the day, and the placing of a battalion of artillery within easy range enfiladed the entire Federal line. It was when the brigades of Gordon, Hays and Avery, which connected with Dole's brigade of Rhodes' division, advanced upon the Federal line commanded by Gen. Barlow, that the most bloody and obstinate fighting of the day ensued. The Confederates went into the attack with fury, indifferent to the terrible whirlwind of death that impeded their progress. On they rushed, over the bodies of their fallen comrades, heedless of whatever fate awaited them. Their only thought was victory, and it inspired them with a valor that was almost super-human, and, as they saw the enemy slowly waver before their terrific onset, the famed rebel yell went up in a mighty pean of triumph above the thunder of musketry and artillery, which seemed to make the very air tremble with its burden of sound.

GALLANTRY ON BOTH SIDES.

Opposed to them as I was I could not help but admire the intrepid gallantry which the Federal troops displayed in resisting this terrible onslaught that was being made upon them. Their gallant obstinacy was paralleled only by Napoleon's legions at the Bridge of Lodi.

This awful struggle resulted in driving back the whole of the Eleventh corps to the line which it had originally occupied, and it was here that Gen. Schurz, with the aid of some batteries and a brigade from Cemetery Hill, tried to rally it and save the town. It was a useless effort. Gettysburg had been doomed to fall into the Confederates' hands from their opening attack in the morning, and the prize could not be denied them. After this well-sustained contest all of the Federal forces retreated, for the retreat of the Eleventh corps had uncovered the right of the First corps, and rendered its position untenable. At 4:30 or 5 P. M. the troops of Early's division entered the town, which it had cost him so dearly to gain. Gallant McCreery, who had had his ambition gratified by being placed in command of an infantry regiment, with many others of the pride and flower of the South's manhood, had perished fighting bravely in the mighty struggle by which this result had been attained.

While Early's troops had been pressing the Eleventh corps, the divisions of Heth and Pender of Hill's corps and Rhodes' division of Ewell's corps had been doing like service against the First Corps and Buford's cavalry. Heth's division had suffered severely and had been replaced by Pender's. At 4 P. M. the whole Confederate line pressed forward in a combined attack, and Gen. Doubleday, finding resistance useless, ordered his troops back to Cemetery Hill. This movement, however, was not accomplished without great loss of men and material, for of those troops of the Eleventh corps who tried to pass through the town many were made prisoners and several pieces of artillery were captured on the Cashtown pike.

At the close of the fight Ewell's corps occupied Gettysburg, and formed a line thence southeast to Rock Creek; Rhodes' division lay on the right, occupying Middle street as far west as Seminary Hill; Early lay on the southeast of the town; and Johnston, who did not arrive until after dark, occupied the extreme left of our line. Hill's corps took position on Seminary Ridge in the following order: On the left and resting on the Chambersburg road was Heth, next came Pender and then Anderson, who had halted too long at Cashtown to participate in this day's battle, occupied the right of Hill's corps, and McLaw's division of Longstreet's corps, which also came

on the field late in the evening, was advanced still further towards the left of the Federal line of battle.

It cannot be said that these results had been obtained without great loss to our brave army; for of Rhodes' division nearly 3,000 had been either killed, wounded or captured. Early, although he came into the action late, had lost over five hundred men, and Hill's two divisions had been rather roughly handled, and had lost very heavily. It has been frequently said, and I believe it is true, that the losses were greater on this day, in proportion to the numbers engaged, than in any battle of the war. I may say that the whole of the Confederate army felt much elated over the success of the first day's battle, but there were those who looked upon the failure to capture Cemetery Hill that day as fatal. I remember a conversation with the gallant Gen. Ramseur, afterward killed in the valley of Virginia, which took place near the seminary, and while the Union batteries on Cemetery Hill were shelling us, in which he said, while pointing to the hill, "Garnett, we must get that hill to-night or never!" He was right. I believed so at that moment, and the desperate attempts to take it by assault during the next two days proved his words to be prophetic. When the retiring Federals reached Cemetery Hill they were met by Gen. Hancock, who arrived just as they were coming up from the town, with orders from Gen. Meade to assume the command. His presence was familiar to the troops and inspired great confidence; and, besides, it was the evidence of the approach of re-enforcements.

With that quick perception which he possessed in a remarkable degree, Hancock recognized the character of the position on Cemetery Hill as one for a defensive battle, and at once determined to retain possession of it. He judged, as he afterward told me in a conversation at Newport, that this would be a difficult task, for the disorganized and demoralized condition of the troops as they came up the hill, and the delay in the arrival of fresh troops, gave him but little hope of success, should the Confederates make another determined assault. He resorted to strategy in this emergency, and, having placed the First and Eleventh corps in the centre, a force was despatched to occupy Culp's Hill, which was some distance to his right, and what remained of Buford's cavalry was sent to the

extreme left. Thus there was the appearance of a great force on Cemetery Ridge, which may have produced the impression that the Union army had been greatly re-enforced. Near sunset the Twelfth and Third corps arrived and were placed in position, and soon after the Second corps came up, and thus completed the disposition of the Federal army for the night.

STUART'S WILD RIDE.

I have said that this battle was the result of an accident, and due to the absence of the Confederate cavalry, which should have been at hand to inform Gen. Lee of the movements and location of the Federal army. Where was it? When Lee determined upon the campaign, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was directed to place all the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia on the right flank of the army, and, by moving east of the Blue Ridge, to watch and follow the enemy across the Potomac. When Lee reached Chambersburg with Longstreet's and Hill's corps, Ewell's being in advance at Carlisle and York, he had received no direct communication from Stuart, and he was ignorant of his whereabouts. Stuart, however, after leaving two brigades of his cavalry to hold the gaps of the Blue Ridge, with no enemy in front of them, had crossed the Potomac at Seneca Creek, above Washington, and was on "one of his wild rides," around the rear of the Army of the Potomac. At Rockville he captured a wagon train, which he undertook to carry along with him. Reaching Hanover he found himself opposed by a strong force of Federal cavalry, and, as his horses and men were nearly worn out, he undertook to join the main army or some part of it. He accordingly made a night march to York, but Early had gone, and pushing along to Carlisle he found it occupied by a Federal force. After throwing some shells into the town and setting fire to the barracks located there, learning that the army was engaged in a battle at Gettysburg, he hurried as best he could with his jaded troopers to lend a tardy assistance to the army from which he had been so long absent. There was no good result from this raid—a wagon train and a paltry score of paroled prisoners not having compensated for the embarrassment which Gen. Lee had experienced. I never heard,

however, that Gen. Lee had ever reproved Stuart for this futile raid, although it will go down in history as the cause of the failure of this great campaign.

THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

What the feeling was in the Union camp that night I am unable to say, but that of the Confederates was one of exultation, for they had nearly accomplished the end in view, and confidently rested on their arms in the hope of a successful issue on the following day. The question in the minds of both armies, as they rested weary and torn from the day's strife, was, "What will the morrow bring forth?" And so the vexed question perplexed their brains until sleep lulled them into rest. Between the two armies the ground was strewn with the dead and the dying, while the pickets kept watch for the first signs that would renew the struggle.

THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

The soldiers of both armies awoke on the morning of July 2, feeling confident that before night the great question of supremacy would be settled. The Federal position from Culp's Hill on the right to Round Top on the left, strong in itself, had been made stronger during the night by the throwing up of breastworks and the arrival of the corps which had not been in action on the first, so that when Gen. Meade arrived on the field he found himself well prepared for the coming attack. The Confederates did not by any means underrate the force and the position with which they had to contend. True, the success of the first day had inspired them with great confidence, but they realized that the conditions had changed, and they would have to undergo a long struggle and a hard one to attain victory.

CONDITION OF THE WEATHER.

The morning was pleasant, the air was calm, the sun shone mildly through a smoky atmosphere, though giving evidences of increasing heat, and the whole outer world was quiet and peaceful; there was nothing strikingly remarkable to foretoken the sanguinary strife that

was to close the 2d of July. During the early part of the day our troops kept as quiet as possible, and not a sound was to be heard except the firing between the pickets and an occasional shot from the Federal guns, for the purpose of feeling and developing our strength.

POSITION OF CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The positions of the corps of Gen. Lee's army at daylight were as follows: The two divisions of Hill's corps, those of Heth and Pender, retained the positions they had taken at sunset on the previous day, Pender being on the left above the seminary and Heth along the ridge on the right. Hill's Third Division, under Anderson, was posted about a mile and a half in the rear on the Cashtown Road, between Marsh Creek and Willoughby Run. At 4 A. M. Anderson was on his way to take position on the Seminary Ridge to the right of Heth, and he was followed by McLaw's and Hood's divisions of Longstreet's corps, with the exception of Law's brigade. About this time, Pickett, who had been left at Chambersburg, was moving toward the field, and Law was leaving the little village of New Guilford, where he had been posted to guard the rear, and Stuart with his cavalry left Carlisle. Ewell's corps occupied the Confederate left, with Rhodes' division on the right at the foot of Cemetery Hill and occupying the town of Gettysburg, while his right formed a junction with Hill's left on Seminary Ridge. Early was in Ewell's centre, occupying a position facing the ridge which connects Culp's Hill with Cemetery Hill, and Johnson was on the extreme left fronting Culp's Hill.

By 11 A. M. the whole of our army, with the exception of Stuart's cavalry and Law's brigade, were in position, entirely enveloping Gettysburg. Meade's army had rectified and extended its positions during the morning, and his entire force was in position on the interior curve of the horseshoe-shaped line which extended from Culp's to Cemetery Hill. The Federal line of battle, besides being immensely strong from its physical formation, was much shorter than ours, and any part of it could be reinforced, if necessity required, by short lines, and the movement of troops was hidden from view by the high ridge.

PLANS OF SECOND DAY.

Time, it seemed to us, was everything, for it enabled the Federal commander to perfect his arrangements to meet the attack, which was inevitable, yet scarcely a gun had been fired up to this time. It was generally understood that Gen. Longstreet should begin the fight of this day by an assault on the enemy's left, and that the sound of his guns was to be the signal for an attack on the Federal right by Ewell, and then, when success favored these assaults, Hill was to have moved upon the centre of Meade's line. It was the delay in the opening of the attack by our right that robbed this plan of a combined movement of the several corps of the army of Lee, of its success. I do not undertake here to locate the responsibility of this delay, but in the light of subsequent knowledge obtained from the reports of the Union commanders, it is, I think, fair to say that, with an army flushed with victory, and having all its corps in the positions deemed proper, the delay in attacking was grossly culpable, it matters not upon whom rested the responsibility. Gen. Longstreet says that on this morning he "joined Gen. Lee and again proposed the move to Meade's left and rear. He was still unwilling to consider the proposition, but soon left me and rode off to see Gen. Ewell and to examine the ground on our left with a view of making the attack at that point. After making the examination and talking to Gen. Ewell, he determined to make the attack by the right, and, returning to where I was, announced his intention of so doing.

About 11 o'clock he ordered the march, and put it under the conduct of his engineer officers, so as to be assured of their moving by the best route and encountering the least delay in reaching the position designated by him for the attack of the Federal left, at the same time concealing the movements then under orders from view of the Federals."

MISCARRIAGE OF PLANS.

From this statement it would seem that Gen. Longstreet places the responsibility for delay on Gen. Lee, but there has been much acrimonious public correspondence on this point between Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Pendleton (Gen. Lee's Chief of Artillery), in which the latter places the entire onus of the delay on the former and charges

neglect of duty, and also says that Gen. Lee complained bitterly of the course of the commander of the First corps. The determination of such a question, however, cannot be arrived at from the correspondence of interested parties, and must eventually be left to the candor of time and history. Whatever decision may be reached, there can be no refutation of the fact, a palpable one in itself, that the failure to carry out Gen. Lee's plans had a definite effect on the result of this day's fighting. That the plan was feasible there can be no doubt, and the entire army by common instinct seemed to realize it.

As our army acted on the offensive, it was necessary for it to debouch from Seminary Ridge into the plain in full view of the Union commanders, and where all its principal operations could be observed by the signal corps at Round Top and Little Round Top, and to re-enforce any part of our line a long march was required, and much time would therefore be consumed.

SICKLES IN THE PEACH ORCHARD.

At length, at about 12 M., having perfected his plans, Gen. Longstreet threw Hood's division forward toward the Emmitsburg road, with McLaw's supporting on the left, overlapped by Anderson. By the time this was accomplished the sun was away across the zenith, and an ominous silence seemed to hang over the contending armies. At about 3 o'clock this silence was broken by the opening of a cannonade along the entire right and centre of the Confederate line, which was only equaled by that which followed on the next day. More than one hundred guns lined our front for a distance of three miles on the Seminary Ridge around to the Harrisburg road and on the hills to the east of the town. Sickles' corps of the Union army had been thrown in advance of the main line and occupied Sherfy's peach orchard. It was Longstreet's first object to seize and hold it as a base for an advance on the main line. Gen. Meade seemed also to have recognized the importance of this position, and seeing that Sickles could not hold it alone, hastened forward re-enforcements. In this place ensued what may be called "the pinch" of that day's battle. Sickles' gallant veterans, inured to deeds of valor on many fields, strove nobly to resist the onset made upon them.

They fought and bled and died with that Moslem faith in their cause which inspires men to reck not what befalls them. The Confederates fought with the fierceness of tigers at bay, and they saw their foe driven back as the crown of their bravery.

Gen. Meade's report shows that parts of the Second, Fifth, Sixth and Twelfth corps, with the whole of the Third, were unable to retain possession of this important salient against the impetuous charges of Hood and McLaws. Gen. Longstreet in his description of the fight at this point says: "The attack was made in splendid style by both divisions, and the Federal line was broken by the first impact. They retired, many of them, in the direction of Round Top, behind boulders and fences, which gave them shelter and where they received re-enforcements."

THE ATTACK ON CULP'S HILL.

The point aimed at by Gen. Lee in making this attack was to break through the Federal left, and flank the main body occupying the centre and right. To a certain extent he was successful, for having taken the peach orchard and carried everything before him in this battle wave, which had extended from Round Top west to the peach orchard, Hood was preparing a movement to capture the stronghold of the left Round Top, and thus either compel a surrender or a retreat from Cemetery and Culp's Hill. He discovered that Little Round Top had not been occupied, and that a very meagre force had been placed in front of this hill. He regarded its capture as the crowning event of this day's fighting. Placing himself in the front line of his most trusted men, and pointing to the rock-bound sombre summit which he yearned to possess, he led them with a wild impetuosity through the Union line on to the very base of the mountain's side. Here he was met by a perfect cyclone of fire from the hill which, having been largely re-enforced, now swarmed with thousands of fresh troops. All this time Gen. Vincent of the Union army was sorely pressed by Gen. Law's Confederate brigade, which had now reached the field. This contest was hand to hand for a time, but Law made a flank movement, and having cut Vincent off from the rest of the army, was on the very point of gaining the much coveted summit, when again fresh troops under Warren and my

old classmate at West Point, O'Rorke, were pushed forward to the crest. Here victory was snatched from the grasp of Law by the impetuous valor of the troops under O'Rorke, who, having received a volley from the Confederates, clubbed their muskets and, with a wild shout of desperation, rushed upon those who, but a moment before, were the victors, and drove them down the hill. Another attempt was made by Law to force this line, but Vincent having recovered from his earlier embarrassment, quickly came to the rescue, and this second effort ended in a repulse. In this action the brave and gallant Hood was severely wounded, Vincent was killed, and O'Rorke also fell a victim to his courage.

While the troops of both armies at this point were pausing for breath to renew the contest, important events were taking place on the Emmitsburg road, where Anderson's three brigades under Wilcox, Perry and Wright were driving the Federals from their positions, and soon after their whole line was irrevocably destroyed, and the forces which Longstreet had been so long trying to dislodge gave way in disorder.

At length, when Law had reformed his line, he renewed the assault with his almost exhausted troops, and found that Weed's brigade and Hazlett's battery had been brought up as re-enforcements. Again the unequal contest was hotly sustained. The carnage was simply awful. Another effort to turn the Federal left caused Law to extend his line too much, and a vigorous charge drove them back, leaving behind them several hundred wounded and prisoners.

Thus ended the awful contest for the possession of his position of vantage. The last heroic effort had been made by the Confederates ; God's could do no more. All their gallant endeavors had cost the priceless treasure of a host of as brave men as ever drew a sword on the field of battle, and as the friendly curtain of night began to throw her merciful shadow over the awful scene of death, blood and mortal suffering, the sharp rattle of the musketry died away into a sound like the measured beating of muffled drums, the hoarse grumbling of the destructive artillery, "difficult music for men to face," faded into a mere growl, and a gentle breeze drove away the pall of smoke that had hid beneath it a picture of human misery sufficient

to quail the stoutest heart. The sublime horror of this awful scene stood forth in all its ghastly hideousness, and thank heaven there came a cessation here in the work of death and carnage. Further effort at this point was worse than folly. While the Confederates had gained the peach orchard and forced the Union line back some three-quarters of a mile, and inflicted great loss upon the troops engaged, the great object had not been attained. When the next morning dawned it was truly a second Gibraltar, for it was covered with a perfect network of breastworks, and from its summit frowned down upon the troops in the plain below twelve thirty-pound Parrott guns.

Scarcely had the tumult of battle ended on our right when Ewell renewed it on our left. Here again some excuse was to be made for delay, and it was said that an adverse wind had prevented Ewell from hearing the sound of Longstreet's guns, and therefore did not attack, as had been contemplated. Hill, too, had remained inactive, with the exception of the brigades of Anderson's division, which were covering Longstreet's left. I have never heard any reason assigned for this.

Late in the afternoon, when Longstreet's exhausted divisions had finished their dreadful day's work, Ewell opened fire with his batteries on the Federal positions on Culp's Hill. Having discovered that an attempt on the north and east sides of the hill was impracticable, Johnston plunged his battalions into the vortex of Rock Creek and essayed to turn the Federal position by the southeast. His dispositions were completed at about 7 P. M., and for the first time on this memorable day was the battle in progress on our left.

THE ASSAULT ON CEMETERY HILL.

Previous to that hour there had been some little fighting on this part of the line, but it had ceased. Early attacked the Eleventh corps, lying on the flank of the northeastern knob of Cemetery Hill, and resting near a stone wall, which extended southward from Houck's brickyard. One portion of these divisions of Johnston and Early moved obliquely across the brow of a hill behind which they were lying, and came up in front of the wall, while another moved

up a low valley stretching from Rock Creek along the northern flank of Culp's Hill. To the Louisianians, under that gallant soldier and true hearted gentleman, Gen. Harry Hays, was committed the perilous task of making the charge upon the guns. They dashed forward with furious determination, and, although they lost half their men in killed and wounded, they rushed over the wall up to the cannon. Here a desperate hand-to-hand fight with clubs, stones and missiles of all kinds ensued. The victory which the noble men of Louisiana had won by their valor was, I may say, thrown away by the failure of the support which such an assault should have received. Some of these men remained on the hill all night, and I had it from Gen. Hay's lips that the hill was deserted to a great extent by the Union men, and might have been held if troops had been sent there on the morning of the 3d.

Ewell had directed that a similar attack should be made about the same time in the rear of Culp's Hill, through a valley leading up from Rock Creek toward Spangler's Spring. It is supposed that Gen. Ewell believed this point to have been left uncovered, to a great extent, by the removal of the troops to re-enforce Sickles; but such did not prove to be the case. Charging up the hill under cover of the forest and the approaching darkness, to their surprise, our men met a desperate resistance from a brigade of Geary's command. They literally covered the hillside with their wounded and dead. The scarred timber along the side of the hill clearly shows to this day the obstinacy with which the men fought to gain this vantage ground of our left. From 7 to 9:30 P. M. the roar of musketry was incessant, and it was so terrible that, as it broke upon the still night air, the very earth seemed to tremble with terror.

But while our men were hurled back on this part of the line, at that part near Spangler's Spring, they were successful in crossing the works and advancing to the Baltimore turnpike. Had not this occurred at so late an hour it would have been disastrous to the Federal army. But being fearful of falling into large masses, they proceeded no further. During the night or at early dawn of the next day (July 3), Rhôdes' division was moved to the left, and Ewell had his entire corps massed on the right flank of the Federal army, ready to push the advantages which he had gained during this day. Hill's

corps occupied the same position it held in the morning, and Pickett, having arrived and taken position to the left of Anderson and on Heth's right, made Longstreet master of the situation on our right.

END OF THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

And so the day ended, fortune wavering between the two armies on which to cast her smiles of victory. The Confederates had been baffled in the purposes with which they had begun the fight in the afternoon, but the day had been so interspersed with small successes here, there, and everywhere, on the field over which they had fought, that they were encouraged to believe they might yet successfully woo the blind goddess to favor them. They were in excellent spirits when night brought the battle to a close, far more so than their intrepid opponents. They had demonstrated that they were foemen worthy of the steel of the Army of the Potomac, and in so doing inspired that respect for an enemy which in armies begets fear and consequent loss of *esprit* so necessary to soldiers engaged in a long battle. The two commanders, Lee and Meade, held councils of war during the night, and reached the conclusion that, while neither side had gained much, both had suffered heavy losses, an encouraging state of affairs for bloody deeds on the morrow.

THE THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

The third morning found the two armies in the positions in which the end of the previous day had left them. In our army the thought uppermost was that the day would establish the Confederacy. That defeat awaited our troops was a notion not entertained.

The frowning cannon from Cemetery Hill along the Union line to the left stood eager-mouthed. The morning began serene and quiet. Daylight had just appeared when the commanders began to rectify and strengthen the lines of their armies, guided by the experience, which had been so dearly earned. During the night the Federal divisions which had been called away to re-enforce other parts of the line were ordered back to Culp's Hill. Geary, finding that his former ground had been occupied, formed his returning troops on the right of those already in position, and at an early hour

opened the attack on the Confederates who had made a lodgment on Culp's Hill and near the Baltimore pike the night before.

The conflict lasted for several hours with varying success; the charges of our men, although made with great spirit, seemed to avail little against the redoubled efforts of the opposing Federals. As the day advanced its increasing heat rendered the awful contest still more awful, and the hand-to-hand encounters, and constantly recurring incidents of bravery and accidents of death were equaled only by the number of the brave contestants. The remnant of Johnson's division, which had so boldly and gallantly carried the positions in front of our left, were now formed for one grand final effort to drive back and double up the Union right. The awful moment arrived; and at 11 o'clock Johnson's men, with a wild yell that rent the air, surged forward in their impetuous zeal. They were met by Geary's men and the other troops which the skillful Warren had brought to the defence of this position, with that cool intrepidity which characterizes the fighting of men in desperate straits, and Johnson's wearied lines were driven back with fearful loss. With a keen perception of the effect of this repulse, Geary moved forward, and in a counter charge of great enthusiasm he broke the Confederate line, which reluctantly and sullenly yielded the ground which had been so dearly won.

This was the last effort made to turn the Federal right, and, beyond a desultory fire at intervals to create a partial diversion in that direction, the left of our army had played its part in this great drama of battles.

GENERAL LEE'S IMPRESSIONS.

There is little doubt that General Lee accepted the results of the first and second day's battles as successes for our army, for we had gained possession of ground from which we had driven the forces of the Union, and we had captured a large number of prisoners and had added a large number of field guns to our artillery corps.

While the combats had been fierce and bloody, we had succeeded in driving back heavy and obstinate columns, encountering masses which outnumbered us at the various points of attack, yet we could not point to much that evidenced material victorious results. The Union

army was still there in our front, and unwhipped and as defiant as they were when Lee said to Longstreet on the evening of the first day: "They are there in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip me." It is a fact which hardly can be denied that the success of the first day precipitated the battle of the second, and that of the second brought about the awful slaughter that made Pickett's charge on the third the wonder and admiration of the nations of the earth.

Of course it was impossible for any one but the great commander himself to know exactly what he purposed doing, but no officer who gave the problem a careful thought could fail to recognize the importance of the situation and the great character of the stake for which we were playing, as well as the hazardous nature of the game. If we should succeed, Washington, Baltimore, the whole State of Maryland, and a large part of Pennsylvania would fall into our hands. We could relieve the wasted fields and exhausted resources of the theatre of war in Virginia and subsist our armies upon the rich soil of the newly captured territory.

POLITICAL CONSIDERATIONS OF THE STRUGGLE.

Besides, there was the political aspect of such a victory. The peace party North, on account of the failure of the Federal Government to bring the war to a successful close, was rapidly growing into power, and every defeat for the Union brought fresh allies to their cause, and it was reasonable to conclude that a crushing defeat such as this day's fight might bring would turn the scale in favor of a declaration of peace on the terms, and the only ones that the Confederates asked—namely, independence. On the other hand, what would another repulse entail? A retreat across the Potomac, in the face of an army already exhausted by long marches and weakened by a three days' battle, the like of which was not recorded in history, with naught but the knowledge of a hard-earned repulse to inspire new hopes and a return to the scenes of so many defeats.

Surely the sacrifice was worth making, and Gen. Lee was right. He had already made the effort to beat the enemy upon his flanks; nothing was now left but to hurl a fresh column against his centre, and, if possible, to break the line and snatch a victory from a partial defeat. This he determined to attempt.

I have in these articles quoted largely from Gen. Longstreet, because he occupied so important a position, and because his views seem to be so opposed to those of Lee, and I again return to his comments on this day's fight. He says: "On the night of the 2d I sent to our extreme right to make a little reconnaissance in that direction, thinking Gen. Lee might yet conclude to move around the Federal left." And again: "The position of the Federals was quite strong, and the battle of the 2d had concentrated them so that I considered an attack from the front more hazardous than the battle of the 2d had been. I was disappointed when Gen. Lee came to me on the morning of the 3d and directed that I should renew the attack against Cemetery Hill, probably the strongest point of the Federal line." He again urged Gen. Lee to move to the right, but Lee answered that he was going to take them "where they were, on Cemetery Hill," and added: "I want you to take Pickett's division and make the attack. I will re-enforce you by two divisions of the Third corps." Longstreet strongly opposed this, contending that 15,000 men were not sufficient for the purpose. The sequel proved that they were not; but what had become of Anderson, McLawns and Hood, and did the two divisions of the Third corps give Pickett's men the promised support? It is a matter of current, and was of, contemporaneous belief that none of these supporting divisions went boldly to the attack when Pickett was struggling with overwhelming numbers at the angle in Hancock's front. Is it possible that Gen. Longstreet's "disappointment," above referred to, could have had anything to do with their tardiness or lack of action?

THE GREAT ARTILLERY DUEL.

At seven minutes past 1, to be precise, for I remember looking at my watch, we heard the ominous booming of a cannon fired by the Washington Artillery on the right centre of the Confederate line. Gen. Lee from his position heard it and knew what it meant. Confidence in his plans had imparted to his noble soul a calmness majestic in its grandeur. The echoes of that discharge had scarcely died away over the field when 150 guns on each side opened fire. The combined roar was deafening. It seemed to benumb every sense but that of fear. It was terrible. The air was filled with

deadly lines of whizzing, screaming, bursting shells and solid shot. Brave men inured to danger looked into each other's faces, on which fear was plainly depicted. The combined elements of nature could not produce a more fearful din.

We had placed our guns on the hills near the Bonnaughton road, near the York road, near the Harrisburg road, and on Seminary Ridge along our whole line to a point above Round Top, the purpose being to subject the Federal artillery on Cemetery Hill to a circle of cross fires and to enable us to dismount and destroy it. Great was the object, but greater still were the results we hoped to accomplish before the day was over! Every point in that day's drama of war had been carefully calculated upon; and we watched the development with the keen interest of men who know that upon the accomplishment of their ends depends all that is of life and hope to them.

FEELINGS INSPIRED BY THE CONTEST.

From my position on Seminary Ridge I watched the awful work. As I recall the scene now it required an almost stoical philosophy to hope for anything beyond the total annihilation of all concerned in the terrible struggle. The commanding position occupied by the Federal guns on Cemetery Hill, and the elevated ground which gradually slopes away from it on both sides, enabled them to do the more effective work. The shot and shell tore ruthlessly through our lines, making many horrid gaps. Along Seminary Ridge was a thick growth of saplings, among which stood sturdy trees, and many of them fell before the leaden rain as if they had been assailed by a tornado. In one spot seventy-five of my battery horses were killed outright and many of my brave men went down.

A DREADFUL ALTERNATIVE.

There was no thought of flinching along our line from the galling fire we were receiving. To flee to the rear meant almost as certain death as to stand boldly to the guns. The Federal shot and shell flew around us and over our heads into the country back of us at least two miles, and to seek safety by skulking to the rear was to invite an ignominious death. I take a natural pride in saying that

our troops exhibited no timidity in facing the frightful ordeal to which they were being subjected. Man to man they stood shoulder to shoulder at the guns as if each felt himself the bulwark of the Confederacy's hopes, and was determined to stand ready to beat back every hostile billow which confronted them. For one hour and thirty minutes the cannonading continued with unabated force from start to finish, and it gradually diminished in its intensity until it ceased along both lines.

THE PURPOSE OF THE ARTILLERY DUEL.

A word as to the purpose of this great artillery duel, the greatest since the world began. In the morning Gen. Lee had reconnoitred the Federal position from the college cupola, and had come to the conclusion that the left centre was the weakest part in the enemy's lines. With that discovery he determined upon a move, the grandest ever conceived by a commanding general, and, as the result proved, the most fatal. One formidable obstacle stood in the way of his hopes—the Federal artillery. By opening an attack along the entire line with his own guns he hoped to be able to destroy many of the enemy's, besides exhausting his stock of ammunition, so that when the crucial test of the day came—the breaking of the Federal line at the left centre—their heavy guns would be practically useless for defensive purposes.

PICKETT'S IMMORTAL CHARGE.

What was to be the next move? was a question in the minds of both armies during the calm which succeeded the cannonading. In the morning Lee had told Longstreet to order Pickett's division, which belonged to his corps, to make an attack in force on the Federal left centre. Pickett had been apprised of the work which had been cut out for him to do, and, like the brave officer he was, held himself in readiness to perform his duty. His division, consisting of three brigades under the commands of Garnett, Kemper and Armistead, lay in a clump of woods almost directly opposite the objective point which they were to attack. The three brigades were made up of fifteen regiments from Virginia, all true and tried

men, who had won many laurels on the battle-fields of their native State. They had received premonitions of the work that was in store for them, and, as they lay under cover in the woods, all seemed as merry and careless as a pleasure party out for a holiday. Merry jokes, quips and songs enlivened the tedium of waiting. I have talked with many of the survivors of that historic charge, and their description of their feelings before starting across the fields to the attack accords with the coolness, the courage and determination which they displayed on that dreadful day.

The time had come. The hour was ripe for the fruition of the hopes of the Confederacy. Gen. Pickett mounted his white charger, and, riding up to Longstreet, asked for orders. "Shall I move on that point, General?" he asked, pointing to the Federal left centre at the angle of the stone wall directly in his front. Longstreet looked the hero in the face with firm, set lips and a glance of hesitation and doubt. He had opposed the movement, had no faith in it, and was reluctant to give verbal consent to it. But, veteran, trusty soldier that he was, he bowed to the will and desire of his commanding officer, and nodded his head affirmatively to Pickett's question.

The latter seemed to become imbued with a sense of the mighty responsibility that had been imposed upon him. He realized, as he afterward told me, that a duty had been intrusted to him the grandest that ever fell to the lot of a commanding officer. Raising his hat in salute, he remarked: "I shall go forward, sir," and then rode back to his command.

Pickett was the very embodiment of a soldier born for immortal deeds. His bearing impressed his troops with the high sense of duty which animated him in all he undertook. He had a soldier's appreciation of the niceties of his profession. At the head of his command he rode gracefully, with his jaunty cap raked well over on his right ear. His long auburn locks, carefully tended, hung almost to his shoulders in picturesque profusion. His coolness is illustrated by an incident which occurred shortly after he had given orders to his brigade commanders to prepare for the charge. He was sitting on his horse, when Gen. Wilcox rode up to him and, taking a flask of whisky from his pocket, said: "Pickett, take a drink with me. In an hour you will be in hell or glory!"

"Be it so, Gen. Wilcox," returned Pickett, taking the proffered drink; "whatever my fate, I shall do my duty like a brave man."

INTO THE BLOODY ANGLE.

The line being formed, the gallant men on whom were centred a people's hope of a nation, moved out of the woods,

Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm.

Nothing interrupted the view of this superb movement. From the cannon-covered top of Cemetery Hill, along the Federal line, the soldiers of the Federal army watched with wonderment, not unmixed with admiration, the oncoming of those heroic columns, while the Confederates looked on admiringly, hoping against hope that success would reward the splendid courage evinced by Pickett's men. When a short distance from their starting point they obliqued to the right and then to the left, in order to secure cover in the undulations of the plain across which they were moving. By some strange fatality the artillery smoke which had settled over the field after the cannonading and hung there close to the ground, lifted after the Confederate division had got some distance in its journey to death and glory, and revealed distinctly to both armies the movement then being made. Marching in the direction of the objective position with measured steps and unfaltering courage, Pickett's division drew nearer and nearer to their goal without hindrance from the foe.

What did it mean? Was their attack to be a bloodless victory? These were questions that sprung instinctively to the minds of the gallant men. Oh, no; for suddenly a cloud burst of flame, shot and shell came thundering from the ridge into the devoted ranks. There was no wavering, no halting; on went Pickett's men, presenting as solid and as undaunted front as the rock of Gibraltar. Many dead and wounded were left by their brave comrades on the spot where they fell. There was no time for anything but duty, and that stern duty was ahead of them. Again and again the Federal batteries poured forth a rain of solid shot, shell, shrapnel and cannister upon

them in unstinted measure. Horrid rents, which were quickly closed up, were made in their lines as the men pressed steadily forward, a thunder-cloud of war that would not be stayed. The Federals, seeing that they were dealing with a desperate foe, increased their fire, if possible, with no apparent effect except to mark the track over which the force was moving with the dead and wounded heroes.

Never was there a sublimer exhibition of bravery on the battle-field. Courage was personified in every man. On they went in the face of the relentless hail of death that was beating against them. Gen. Armistead was seen with his hat held aloft on his sword to serve as a guide, marching resolutely at the head of his gallant men. Shot and shell whistled about him, yet he was undaunted. His journey was a desperate one, but he continued bravely on his way, not with the courage of desperation, but with the courage of a perfect man and a gallant soldier.

"Don't flinch an inch, boys," he said to his men just before starting away, and they were heroically responding.

The carnage in their ranks was fearful to contemplate. It seemed more like cold-blooded butchery than systematic war. That part of our army not engaged watched the gallant band in painful suspense. It did not seem within the limit of human endeavor that they could ever reach the objective point, so terrible was the slaughter to which they were being subjected. On they went, with every step becoming more determined. Surely there was never seen such matchless heroism. Nothing could stay or check them. When within a short distance of the Federal line their wild yells of defiance were heard above the thundering of the guns. The greatest moment of their lives had come. They dashed forward in a wild and disordered rush. Garnett, whose brigade was in advance, fell dead within a hundred yards of the Union front, sword in hand. His men rushed madly upon the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania Regiments who had been awaiting the oncoming attack. At this moment they were brought under the fire of Stannard's brigade which was occupying a small wood in advance and to the left of the point of Pickett's attack.

HANCOCK TO THE RESCUE.

Hancock realizing the purpose of the attack, and always on the alert to seize a favorable opportunity, threw a force on Pickett's flank. Two of Armistead's regiments were frightfully decimated and thrown into a disorganized state by this movement. The remainder of his brigade dropped in the rear of the centre of Pickett's lines. Armistead, swinging his sword wildly, and rushing from point to point, urged his men forward, and reached the front rank between Kemper and Garnett.

HAND TO HAND FOR VICTORY.

In the impetuous rush which ensued these brigades became a compact struggling mass of human beings all bent on bloody work. Pushing forward, as if moved by some irresistible force superior to the individual will, they threw themselves upon the Union line like so many thunderbolts. The shock was terrific; it seemed impossible for human power to withstand it, and for a moment it seemed that it must sweep everything before it. With what breathless interest we watched the struggle! Gen. Lee, from a convenient point, stood calmly looking at the struggle. Not an expression of the face or an action indicated that he had other than hopes of success. He was as imperturbable as a rock. What emotions swayed his soul at that supreme moment he and God alone only knew.

The first line of the Federals was pierced, and they were driven back upon the earthworks near the artillery. There the work of death was renewed with frightful slaughter. Charges of grapeshot were fired into Pickett's men with terrible effect. Hancock and Gibbon rushed up their reserves to help stay the furious onslaught of the Virginians. Hall rectified his line, which had been outflanked on the right. Harrow advanced with his left, and almost took Pickett in reverse. All these movements, made under the greatest excitement, threw the Federal troops into the same disordered state as their opponents, and both became mixed in a confused mass, the only way of distinguishing one from the other being the blue and gray uniforms.

The fighting became like that of an infuriated mob. Confederates and Federals faced each other with clubbed muskets, their faces distorted with the fury of madmen. Commands were useless; they could not be heard above the din. A clump of trees just within the angle wall became the objective point of the Confederates. Armistead resolved to take it. Placing his hat on his sword, he rallied about him 150 men who were ready to follow wherever he would lead. Rushing forward with his gallant band, he reached a Federal gun, and just as he had adjured his followers to, "give them the cold steel, boys," fell dead in his tracks, pierced with bullets. The death of this gallant officer marked the complete failure of the Confederate assault, and beaten, but undismayed, Pickett's men retraced their way across the field, now strewn with their dead. Riding up to Gen. Lee, Pickett dismounted, and, saluting, said in a voice tremulous with sorrow :

PICKETT'S SORROW AND LEE'S MAGNANIMITY.

"General, my noble division has been swept away."

"I alone am responsible, Gen. Pickett," Lee replied, with that quiet dignity which always characterized him.

It was expected that Gen. Meade, after this signal repulse, would place himself at the head of his victorious soldiers and lead a counter-charge; but, with the exception of the advance of a few skirmishers, there was no movement of the Federal line. In anticipation of such an attack our lines were reformed along the Seminary Ridge, and everything put in readiness for defense. We watched with intense anxiety every movement of the troops in our front, and felt anything but secure.

At night Gen. Lee withdrew that portion of Ewell's corps which had occupied the town, and our men were ordered to strengthen the Seminary Ridge by throwing up a line of rifle pits. The wounded that could be transported were placed in ambulances and wagons, and, under the escort of Gen. Imboden's brigade of cavalry, were started back by way of Chambersburg toward the Potomac. Many wounded were necessarily left behind and at farm houses along the route, and yet the train that bore them away, with its accompanying

baggage train and artillery and cavalry to guard it, covered a distance of seventeen miles. Although the Federal cavalry was sent on the 4th in pursuit of this train, it did not reach it until it was in comparative safety at Williamsport. Here a desperate effort was made to capture not only this but the ammunition train, which, by forced marches from Winchester, had reached this point on its way to join the army. Stuart's cavalry, however, arrived in time to prevent this rich train from falling into the Federal hands.

IN THE FACE OF DEFEAT.

In the meantime Gen. Lee remained in position with his entire army on Seminary Ridge throughout the 4th, and while we knew that it was a national holiday, the sound of no national airs floated across the plain of death that separated the two armies, and the firing of salutes was only heard in the reverberations that still lingered in the mountains and valleys from the great cannonade of the day before. The rain fell throughout the day in cold, chilling sheets that added still more to the feeling of depression that pervaded the army.

The gloomy day was drawing to a close when Gen. A. P. Hill stopped to warm himself by my bivouac fire. I saw plainly that his spirit was gone, and that he made no effort to hide the fact. Presently, without a word of comment upon the result, he turned sorrowfully toward me and said :

“Colonel, we must return to Virginia and prepare to try it again.”

THE CONFEDERATE RETREAT.

When darkness had fully set in, the troops were quietly put on the march on the direct road through the mountain passes toward Hagerstown and the Potomac. Lee concentrated his army in the vicinity of Hagerstown, but as his pontoon train had been destroyed, and as the heavy rains of the past few days had swollen the Potomac so as to render it too deep to be forded, he was unable to cross. Selecting a strong position, with his right resting on the river near Falling Waters, and his left extended beyond Hagerstown, and resting on a creek to the west of that town, he proceeded

to fortify and await the subsiding of the river, or the construction of a pontoon bridge. He was not further molested by Meade's army, but remained in this position until July 14th, when he returned to the Virginia side of the Potomac. Thus ended the great campaign of Gettysburg.

STRENGTH OF THE ARMIES AND THEIR LOSSES.

The army of Northern Virginia on May 31, 1863, contained an effective force of 88,754 officers and men, of whom the following were under arms: General staff and infantry, 59,420 men; cavalry, 10,292; artillery, 4,756; a total of 74,468 men, with 206 pieces of artillery. This army arrived on the field of Gettysburg, 5,000 more being added from different sources, with 80,000 men. Deducting the mounted men from this, Lee carried into action in the three days' fight about 68,000 men and about 200 guns.

Against this the army of the Potomac bore on its returns, July 1, 1863, 7,000 artillery, 10,500 cavalry, 85,500 infantry and 352 pieces of artillery.

The Federal army, therefore, outnumbered the Confederate by 35,000 men and 146 guns.

These figures are taken from the account of the battle by the Comte de Paris, and are considered the most reliable estimate published. Gen. Longstreet, who is the best possible authority on the subject, since the reports came directly to him, states that Pickett's division made its memorable charge 4,900 strong. I should judge from the depleted condition of our infantry regiments about this time that this statement is absolutely correct, as there were only fifteen regiments in the three brigades, and 333 men to a regiment would be fully as many as they contained.

The losses in this great battle are put by Gen. Doubleday of the United States army, as follows:

Union loss—3,072 killed, 14,497 wounded, 5,434 missing; total 23,003.

Confederate loss—2,592 killed, 12,709 wounded, 5,150 missing; total, 20,451.

JOHN J. GARNETT,
COLONEL OF ARTILLERY, C. S. A.

GENERAL STAFF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE COMMANDING.

STAFF.

COLONEL W. H. TAYLOR, Adjutant-General.

- “ C. S. VENABLE, A.D.C.
- “ CHARLES MARSHALL, A.D.C.
- “ JAMES L. CORLEY, Chief Quartermaster.
- “ R. G. COLE, Chief Commissary.
- “ B. G. BALDWIN, Chief of Ordnance.
- “ H. L. PEYTON, Assistant Inspector-General.

GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON, Chief of Artillery.

DOCTOR L. GUILD, Medical Director.

COLONEL W. PROCTOR SMITH, Chief Engineer.

MAJOR H. E. YOUNG, Assistant Adjutant-General.

- “ G. B. COOK, Assistant Inspector-General.

FIRST CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET COMMANDING

SECOND CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. S. EWELL COMMANDING.

THIRD CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL COMMANDING.

CAVALRY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART COMMANDING.

GENERAL STAFF ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE COMMANDING.

STAFF.

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Chief of Staff.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. R. PATRICK, Provost Marshal-General.

“ “ SETH WILLIAMS, Adjutant-General.

“ “ EDMUND SCHRIVER, Inspector-General.

“ “ RUFUS INGALLS, Quartermaster-General.

COLONEL HENRY F. CLARKE, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.

MAJOR JONATHAN LETTERMAN, Surgeon, Chief of Medical Department.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. K. WARREN, Chief Engineer.

MAJOR D. W. FLAGLER, Chief Ordnance Officer.

MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASONTON, Chief of Cavalry.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. HUNT, Chief of Artillery.

CAPTAIN L. B. NORTON, Chief Signal Officer.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS,* Commanding the First, Third and Eleventh Corps on July 1st.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM, Commanding the Right Wing on July 2d and July 3d.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK, Commanding the Left Centre on July 2d and July 3d.

* He was killed on the first day, and succeeded by Major-General O. O. Howard.



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